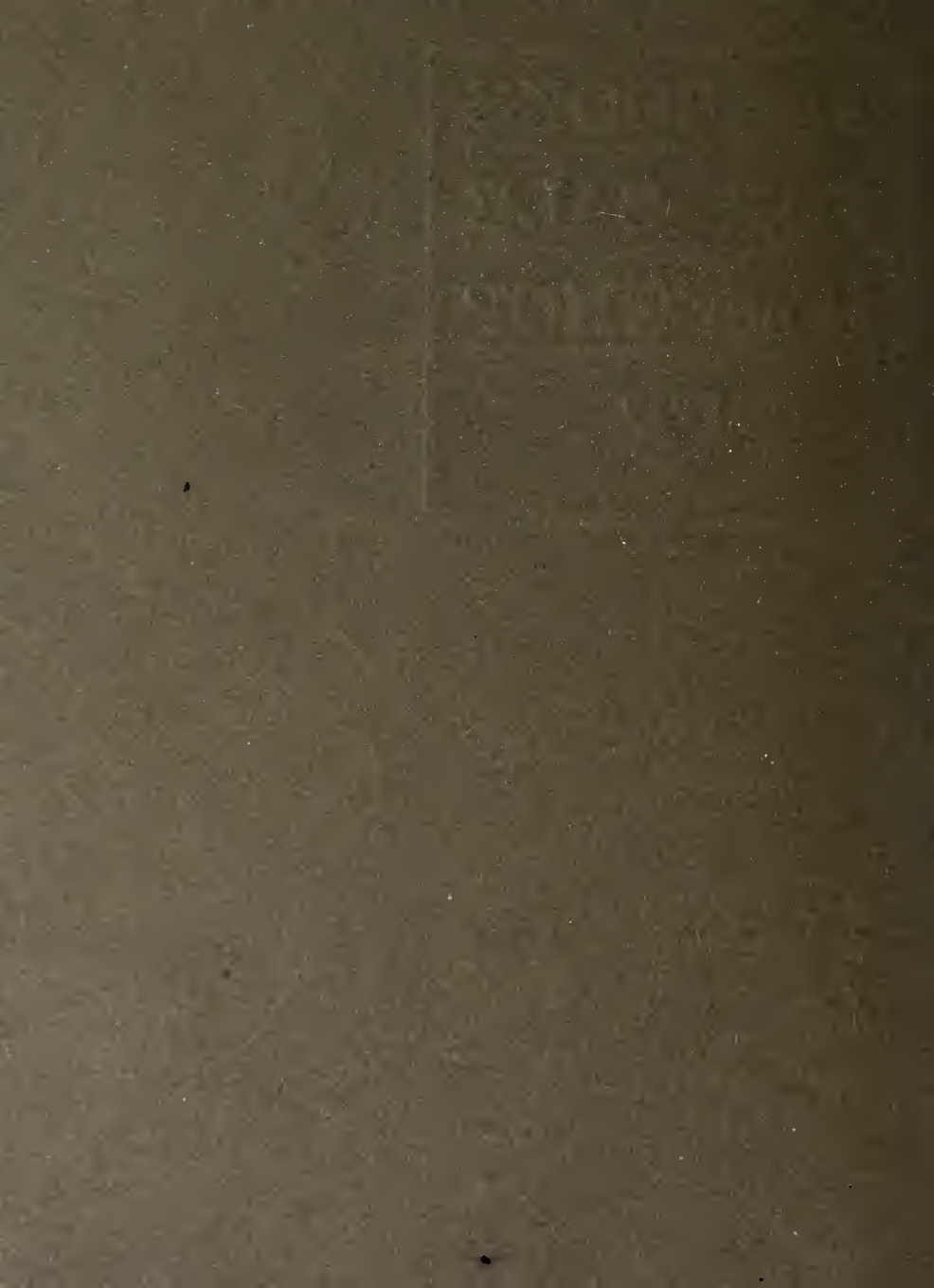


Some BOOKS
FOR SALE
at our SHOP







Life Without
Industry is
Guilt
Industry Without
Art is Brutality





A List of Books
made during the
Year 1899
by the
Roycrofters
at the
Roycroft Shop



THE ROYCROFT SHOP GREETING!



THE ROYCROFTERS are a band of workers who make beautiful Books & Things—making them as good as they can. The paper on which Roycroft books are printed is hand-made, and the initials are illumined by hand similar to the first initial in this book.

As a gift you probably cannot present anything at equal cost that would be more acceptable than a hand-illumined Roycroft book. Our work is the product of Hand & Brain in partnership. In things made by hand there are no duplicates; and further, there is a quality of sentiment attached to articles thus produced that never clings to fabrics made in vast quantities by steam. If you desire we will gladly send you several volumes to choose from—a postal card from you will do it. We pay express both ways.

THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora,
N. Y.






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**THE ROYCROFT SHOP,
EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

Now Ready :



**THE ANCIENT MARI-
NER :** By Samuel Taylor
Coleridge  A peculiar
book, made after the pat-
tern of a volume devised
by Horace Walpole and
printed at the Strawberry
Hill Press in 1761. Rubri-
cated side lines and ini-
tials. For this book Mr.

W. W. Denslow has made special initials and
fourteen antique wood-cut ornaments by way of
illustration. Price of the volume :

Nine hundred in flexible chamois, satin lined, \$ 2.00

Four hundred copies, specially illumined, 5.00

Forty copies on Japan Vellum, specially illumined, 10.00

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE ♣ On
"Roycroft" paper. The initials and ornaments

made especially for this book—hand illumined throughout. The price :

Nine hundred copies, bound plainly in boards,	\$ 5.00
Twelve copies on Classic Vellum, in full Levant	
—hand tooled, no two alike, each,	100.00

♣ So far as we know this is the only book ever printed in America on genuine Vellum—the material being prepared for us by the man who supplied William Morris all the Vellum that was used by the Kelmscott Press. This edition was prepared with great care and probably is the nearest approach to a perfect book yet produced by the Roycrofters.

TIME AND CHANCE: A Romance and a History—being the story of the life of a man ♣ By Elbert Hubbard. In two volumes of 300 pages each—illustrated in photogravure ♣ Bound in boards, leather backs and corners. Price for the set of two volumes, in box, \$3.00

THE SONG-STORY OF THE LOVE OF AU-CASSIN & NICOLETE ♣ Translated out of the Ancient French by Andrew Lang. On "Roycroft"

paper, made at the vat by hand. Hand illumined throughout.

Bound in russet chamois, silk lined,	\$2.00
Twenty-five copies on Imperial Japan,	5.00

Where smooth the Southern waters run
Through rustling leagues of poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun,
We wandered out of Yesterday ;
Went Maying in that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

THE ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP: By Ralph Waldo Emerson ♣ On "Roycroft" paper, printed from a new font of Caslon type, with new initials, borders, and head & tail pieces designed by Mr. Samuel Warner—(Honest Roycrofter) ♣

Bound in limp chamois—satin lined,	\$ 2.00
Fifty copies specially illumined by Mr. Lawrence Mazzanovich,	5.00
Twenty-five copies on Japan Vellum,	10.00

"The heart of the man is shown in that Essay on Friendship. He never did better, & may write forty years and never equal it. . . . If Emerson never wrote anything else but that, his name in

literature would endure."—John Addington Symonds.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE : By Philip Gilbert Hamerton ♀ In double columns, on "What-man," after a format devised by Jenson, all initials being drawn in, free-hand. A sumptuous piece of book-making. Bound in boards, suede leather back and corners. Price, \$7.50.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM ♀ Being the FitzGerald translation of 1879: with the address of Hon. John Hay at the Omar Khayyam Club, London, as a preface ♀ All initials, ornaments and head and tail pieces used were made especially for this edition. Initials in red and blue, alternating, after the Oriental manner. The binding is rough chamois, olive green, satin lined: the whole effect being fairly pleasing.

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♀ The Roycrofters are very glad to send their wares to the Elect on inspection. A postal card will do it.

A special list of special Roycroft books—only a few copies of each being left:

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN (De luxe edition) ✎ Initials and paragraph marks drawn in by hand. Price, \$10.00.

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A few specially illumined, \$5.00.

BALLADS OF A BOOK-WORM: By Irving Browne ✎ Price, \$5.00.
Twenty copies on Japan Vellum, \$10.00

We have the following specially illumined and bound volumes:

ART AND LIFE: By Vernon Lee ✎ On Imperial Japan Vellum, in full Levant, hand tooled after a special design. A very elegant bit of book-making. \$15.00.

RUSKIN-TURNER ✎ On "Whatman," containing twelve reproductions of Turner master-

pieces on Japan Vellum. Hand illumined, full
Levant, hand tooled. \$20.00.

UPLAND PASTURES 🌹 Hand illumined, in
full Levant, hand tooled after a special design.
Price, \$12.50.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE 🌹 On "What-
man." Initials drawn in by hand and also vari-
ous water-color sketches. A quaint and curious
book that has no duplicate—bound plainly in
boards. \$10.00.

AS IT SEEMS TO ME 🌹 On "Whatman," one
of forty copies, full Levant. Eight water-color
sketches drawn in by hand. \$25.00.

SESAME & LILIES 🌹 On "Whatman," hand
illumined, full Levant, hand tooled. Two copies,
each \$20.00.

The Roycrofters do not sell their books through
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of their wares to the Elect "on suspicion." A
postal card will do it.

Bound Periodicals :

BACK NUMBERS OF THE PHILISTINE : One volume in a book ♣ Vols. 1, 2 and 3, scarce, \$2.00 each ♣ Vols. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, \$1.00 each.

VERY SPECIAL : On receipt of Ten Dollars to pay for a Life Membership in the American Academy of Immortals, we record the new member's name on the Great Roster (in colors) and send gratis, express prepaid, the eight bound volumes of The Philistine named above. We also send the member one of each bound volume as they come out and a copy of the Magazine as issued Every Little While, for ninety-nine years—but no longer.

LATER : A very sudden and unexpected dash to get in before St. Peter closes the gate, has cleaned us out of Vol. No. One, with several applicants over, yammering at the bars. We, however, still have a few of the other volumes. No number of The Philistine will be re-printed.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT PAINTERS : By Elbert Hubbard ♣ Series of 1899 comprises Michael Angelo, Rubens, Titian, Fortuny, Jean Francois Millet, Landseer, Rembrandt, Meissonier, Anthony Van Dyck, Ary Scheffer, Joshua Reynolds, Gustave Dore. Each number contains a portrait. The price of the series of twelve monthly numbers is \$1.00, and for single copies, 10 cents.

The bound volume ready Nov. 1st, Roycroft style, \$1.75.

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FAMOUS WOMEN	} 16o. with portraits, 2 Vols.	\$3.50
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Or four Vols. in a box \$7.00

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17—CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER,	2.00

The Roycrofters are daily in receipt of letters reading thus :

“ Please mail cat., naming best discount to dealers.” * * *

And so it may not be amiss to here say, The Roycrofters do not give discounts to any one, all their wares being strictly net. Further, they do not solicit the patronage of dealers or agents. The Roycrofters make only a few books and have no desire to encroach on the preserve of Col. Dillingham, Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, or Rand, McNally & Co. The few books made by the Roycrofters are quickly taken by Book-Lovers, and if you want Roycroft books you have to write direct to East Aurora for them. ♣ East Aurora is now a money-order postoffice ♣ The Roycrofters are always glad to send their books to the Faithful “ on suspicion ”—a postal card will do it.



We can supply the following books by Elbert Hubbard :

FORBES OF HARVARD :	350 pages, cloth,	\$ 1.25
NO ENEMY BUT HIMSELF,		1.50
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GOOD MEN AND GREAT,		1.75
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AS IT SEEMS TO ME: A Book of Essays.		
	Frontispiece of author in photogravure (three copies on a high shelf, slightly shop-worn),	\$2.50
TIME & CHANCE : A Romance and a History,		\$3.00

ALI BABA of East Aurora : By Fra Elbertus ♀
(also of East Aurora). Being an Appreciation, discreetly done, of the life, labors, and public services of a Good Man and True; with copious extracts from his Orphic Sayings, and instructive moral anecdotes relating to his Career, told for the Edification of the Young.

Portrait in photogravure on Imperial Japan, from the original canvas by Samuel Warner, F. R. S. A.

Edition limited to six hundred and twenty copies, on "Roycroft" watermark, hand-made paper. Bound in half-Morocco. The volume is now on the press, and orders will be booked and filled in rotation as received. Price, \$5.00

Some extracts from letters from a few well-known Book-Lovers :

THE style in which you have re-printed "Sesame and Lilies" is very pleasing to Mr. Ruskin. He wishes me to say that this beautiful book goes far in atoning for the typographical sins that have been inflicted on his writings by certain American publishers.

JAMES HULL LIPTON,

Coniston, Jan. 5, 1898.

Secretary.

THE beautiful Roycroft book just reached me this morning, and I write at once to tell you that we are all greatly pleased with it. Will you hand the enclosed check to the Bursar, with request that I be enrolled as a "Life Member." I am not quite sure that I shall live ninety-nine years, but surely such books as you make must conduce to longevity.

Faithfully yours,

Washington, Sept. 27, 1898.

JOHN HAY.

I SEND you love and blessings for the noble volume. It seems like a breath from some old Scriptorium of the Middle Ages, when the making of books was a holy service, not a speculation.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

The Bungalow.

Washington, D. C., March 6, 1898.

HER MAJESTY, the Queen, directs me to express to Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard the pleasure she has had in the beautiful copy of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The combination of paper, typography, illuminations and binding is so harmonious that the work has been given a place among the Queen's intimate book treasures.

HELEN BARSTOW,
Assistant to the Librarian.

Windsor Castle, June 18, 1897.

I HAND you cheque for the six books that have been safely received and sent on their way to make six dear friends happy. You must send me two copies of each one of the Roycroft books as issued, to my London address. I have just learned where East Aurora really is, and am quite provoked to think that I spent all last week at Buffalo and did not go out to see "how you do it."

ELLEN TERRY.

Pittsburg, Dec. 4, 1897.

FOR the check enclosed please send me another "Rubaiyat." The loving care you bestow on your work I hope is not without its due reward.

New York, July 27, 1898. **JOHN L. STODDARD.**

THE Roycroft books are a great pleasure to me * * * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Executive Mansion, Albany, May 6, 1899.

THE volume came in good order. Just to hold and caress such a book is a joy.

New York, Feb. 15, 1898. **LAURENCE HUTTON.**

YOURS is a classic touch in book-making. You put the best inside the covers, and the plainness of the bindings seems to enhance the delight when one turns the leaves.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plains, March 13, 1899.

I AM spending a week here with my friend, Mrs. Ole Bull, and must tell you of the delight that the Roycroft books have given us * * *

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Cambridge, May 8th, 1897.

VARIOUS Kelmscott books are mine, and I am sure that Roycroft publications do not suffer any in comparison. Your books show a distinct personality, and the small imperfections I find, only add to their charm, like a patch on beauty's face.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

London, April 2, 1898.

IT IS probably true that Moses had no Christian name; but in any event the dress you have given this book is a delight to the eye. I would be proud to have some little thing of my own come forth from the Roycroft Shop.

London, Dec. 1, 1897.

I. ZANGWILL.

MR. E. S. WILLARD sends greetings to the Roycrofters and begs that they will record his permanent London address and send him one each of their books as fast as issued. Mr. Willard will not be so captious as to criticise the "Ruskin and Turner" just received—let the fact that he encloses check be its own comment.

Toronto, Jan. 10, 1898.

I HAVE seen some of your books, and will ask you to send me, care Southern Hotel, one copy each of the publications you have in stock.

MODJESKA.

January 5, 1898.

(Countess Bozenta.)

YOUR book-making is most quaint & pleasing, withal.

I am glad to say that my library holds several Roycroft volumes.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Bronxville, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1897.

THE Roycroft books are a delight, and I am showing them to my friends with intent to prove that the old world moves. And in moving backward to the time of those Early Venetian Printers (who made such beautiful books while Columbus was discovering America) you have done well. I cannot say you have improved on the Venetians, but you have nearly equaled them.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, Sept. 18, 1897.

YOUR politics seem a trifle scrambled and your theology no better, yet I have decided to chance your company for a limited time—say 99 years * *

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

Portland, Maine, Sept. 7th, 1899.

YOU will find, in colors, on the Great Roster of Immortals the names of the President, General Superintendent, Traffic Manager, General Freight Agent, Superintendent of Motive Power and Chief Counsel of the New York Central; also the name of the Chairman of the Board, who has recently been elected to the United States Senate.

These are valiant Hittites—vouched for by me.

We do not always like the way you carry off the Gates of Gaza, but we read all you write as a sort of a mental Martini. Then your books are like a sweet dream of Paradise, beautiful as fair women, or the cars on the Lake Shore Limited.

GEO. H. DANIELS.

Grand Central Station, New York, Sept. 15, 1899.

HAVING seen the Philistine in his lair and the Roycrofters at their work, Mrs. Pond and I are more in love with Roycroft books than ever. I wonder if your workers realize how much of an education they are acquiring—and giving to others?

JAMES B. POND.

Everett House, New York, August 21, 1899.

YOUR books come to me as a most agreeable rest and refreshment in a very busy life. I trust you will not fail to send me copies in duplicate of all your products.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM.

Chicago, June 6, 1899.

LAST year I confined my giving of Christmas presents to Roycroft books. This year I intend to do the same ; so send me along as usual a dozen copies of each volume I have checked from your list.

ALVA ADAMS.

Executive Mansion, Denver, Col., Nov. 28, 1898.

YOU seem to get a lot of enjoyment out of your work ; and in these days of hurry and rush and anxiety, that is much. I hope you are getting the reward you deserve —and this is a most generous wish.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, April 6, '99.

A QUEER lot of folks you are up there, but I rather like you, and like your work. I think I 'll pack up and go and spend my old age with you, in the Forest of Arden, making Books and Things.

J. Q. A. WARD.

New York City, Jan. 1, 1899.



EAST AURORA DEFINED

[Charles M. Skinner in the Brooklyn Eagle of September 3rd, 1899.]

EAST AURORA is a tranquil place of about 1,000 people, some of whom wear last year's clothes without a blush or a murmur, and some wear galways and the like adornments that are seen on the faces of the farmers in "Puck." This settlement is seventeen miles southeast of Buffalo & is reached by a deliberate railroad train that covers the distance three times a day. The conductor stops whenever he sees a man, so as to argue with him that he ought to get on and buy a ride and encourage local enterprise. When you reach East Aurora it is only a couple of minutes' walk to the Roycroft Shop. Anybody will tell you where it is, because it is the only thing in the place that gives distinction to it. The Roycroft Shop is the result of a lark. Hubbard printed a little magazine that he called the PHILISTINE just for fun. He expected to discontinue it after the second number, because in two numbers he could utter the various gibes he had in mind against certain enemies. But having put out a second number, or-

ders came for more, and pretty soon the little thing had become a permanence. It is as small as ever but full of cranberry sauce. Having then secured type enough for a magazine he asked why he should not amuse himself by making a book, and he did it. He turned the Song of Solomon and the Book of Job into thin volumes with wide margins, rubricated borders and initials, accessory essays & other improvements, and these likewise sold. The first paper was a little bit spongy, the first ink a little oily, but that is not the case any more. The Roycroft has its own paper, its own leather, its own type, its own artists to make new type and ornaments, and a lot of other things that are its own. It is more and more self-centered. William Morris, who learned several trades, including those of poet and artist, in order that he might make better books than anybody else, has left a few perfect volumes as a result of his work in the Kelmscott Press, which was established in almost as unpretentious a way as the Roycroft. It was the inspiration of his

example that led to the advance of this American Kelmscott after it had solidified out of the visions of its founders. Yet there is no imitation. The Roycroft books are distinct in type, binding, decoration and everything.

☛ The Shop looks like a church, with another church built on. Inside it suggests the church also, & it would not be surprising if its founder had been unconsciously influenced by religious association. It was the old monks who made books, working at them for a couple of hours a day, and it was the monks who did the illuminating on the missals and breviaries that we see in the museums. So, indirectly, it may be that the monks were responsible for the ecclesiastical architecture and the oaken beams of the Shop in East Aurora. The unshoplike character of the place is striking ☛ There is no racket, no raggedness, no smell of oil or ink or smoke. The floors are as clean as a dinner plate, and when a drop of ink or paint is spilled, the culprit wipes it up instead of burying it under a tobacco quid, or leaving it for someone else.

Flowers and bric-a-brac and pictures make the rooms cheery and

parlor-like, and outside it is neat and cheery, too, with the bright lawn and the plants & vines. Mr. Hubbard's comfortable home ☛ stands only a few rods from the Shop and across the way a new building is going up, a fireproof affair designed to hold the books and to add room for the workers. This new building will look something like a castle and will be the most stoutly built house in the county, for it is constructed out of field bowlders ☛ And who do you suppose are building it? Why, the printers. "Imagine," says Fra Elbertus, "asking a jour printer to lay stone! But our fellows do it because they like to. It is a change. After they have been at work at the case for several hours they like to get out in the air and the sun & do something different."

One may see Richard Croker in a pair of overalls and an ancient hat trundling bowlders up the gangway in a wheelbarrow. The spectacle is somewhat startling ☛ A nearer view, however, proves that the one with the barrow is not Mr. Croker, but a famous man of all work, known as Ali Baba. He was born in East Aurora and has never been out of Erie County in his life.

When Mr. Hubbard settled in the place fifteen years ago and tried to raise cabbages between the stones, & failing in that raised the stones from between the cabbages for building purposes, Ali Baba was his helper. He lugs rocks & waters the lawn and whenever a visitor is refractory it is Ali Baba who is sent to argue with him. There is a good deal of decision about the chin of Ali Baba, covered though it is with grizzled bristles. He resembles a man who, if he were kicked and found it out, would distribute trouble. When Mr. Hubbard reverts to nature on Saturdays and goes off to swim or sit beside the creek in the shade, Ali Baba runs many things in his absence 🍂 🍂

It is time to have a look at Hubbard himself. Imagine Napoleon Bonaparte born in Colorado and intended by his folks to be a cowboy, & imagine him having changed his folks' mind and decided to go to a theological seminary, and that is something like him. He has the complexion tinged with healthy red & brown that pertains among the agriculturists in East Aurora; he has a piercing black eye, a high brow, a chin that he could fight

with 🍂 He wears a blue flannel shirt, a pair of bicycle breeches that do not match the shirt and a straw hat. How beautifully his clothes do not reflect his intellect! He can be as serious as a parson, as nimble of wit as Mark Twain, as picturesque as Ruskin, as sly as Sterne, as quaint as Herrick, & indeed, his reading has been so wide that he can playfully freak his own style into a semblance of anybody's 🍂

Hubbard has preserved a little of his country manner, a certain deliberation, a half shyness, a wholesomeness, and most remarkable of all, a continued enjoyment of the country, which those born to it seldom appreciate. He has also preserved as one of the rustic traditions a belief in the supremacy of human hands, and his shop is an earnest of his faith, for of all the work done there, none, except the press work, comes from a machine. He even makes the most of his literature with his hands, and he has made a good deal of it. 🍂 Besides writing the PHILISTINE every month, or most of it, he has published the "Little Journeys," two or three novels, several books of essays and has, just

out of the press, a two-volume book of more than passing consequence: a historical tale named "Time and Chance," and presenting John Brown of Ossawatimie in a romantic guise.

¶ Roycroft books are not for the people with whom a yellow covered novel suffices. They are the best in literature and they are the best in dress. Some people are so choice of them that they do not try to read them, or, they buy two copies, one to read and the other to keep in a glass case. And it is a delight to own a thing that was made simply to be beautiful. The paper is strong and fine and has the Roycroft water-mark; the covers are sometimes of gray boards gilt lettered, which is a perfectly simple and agreeable way to bind a book, while others are of flexible leather with satin linings and letters and designs in relief. Recently crushed levant has entered into the stock of the shop & some gorgeous bindings will be put upon the new \$100 copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, hand illumined and printed on real vellum—the only book ever published in America with leaves of vellum. None of the books are copies of one another. ¶ The illu-

minations all vary as regards the placing of colors, so that the owner of a Roycroft volume has one that is unique. Such books are luxuries, of course, but they are luxuries that never pall upon one. As in the case of the Kelmscott books, they are so few in number that copies are not distributed to the press for notice, they are not sold in book stores, they are not advertised. Who wants one must send for it.

¶ It is in the fact that every book is different that the meaning and value of this experiment in art colonization consists. ¶ Here is a country village, without ideals, without industries of consequence, with no great amount of money, and it is one of the last places on earth that one would pick out as the seat of an enterprise like this. Commonly, the best thing we expect from a country village is a chair factory or a woolen mill where the people grind away at the same old tasks year after year, never growing wiser or abler or developing in any way. In the Roycroft Shop the farmers' boys and the boarding house waiters and the mechanics' girls are learning to become artists. Many of them have become artists. There is a quiet-

faced daughter of the village blacksmith, who, two or three months ago, did not know a paint brush by sight. She went to the free art school instituted by Mr. Hubbard, and now she has one of the tables in the illuminating department & is doing work that shows a remarkable aptness. Nobody in the Shop has a finer feeling for color and a nicer delicacy of taste than she. One noticeable thing in the Shop is that there are no bosses, no heads of departments. All are on equal terms. Mr. Hubbard looks around, encourages, advises, but never commands. He never has to. This is an industrial commune and no member of it feels himself forced to stay. All are working not merely for money, but for art. The rules, if there are any, are lax, but the observance is so willing that you would suppose it to be strict. Nowhere will you see a quieter, more willing-looking company than that of these healthy farmer lads and these pink-cheeked girls in light shirt waists. Every morning and afternoon there is a recess of fifteen minutes to rest the eyes of the painters; a full hour is allowed for dinner; there is no work on Saturday afternoon, and the people are

encouraged to play ball or anything else. The Shop is open for any that want to use it after hours, and there are books, baths and a piano for all hands. When Mr. Hubbard was swapping horses he never kicked and whipped them, as they do in Manambatu, Madagascar, and he found, to the astonishment of the others, that they never refused to work. He believes that human beings may be treated as well as horses without exciting them to revolt.

So here is a place where one industry has led into another—pottery is a recent addition—and all of them artistic and all of them manual, and there is work now for 100 people at good wages & sharings, where four years ago there was none but mechanical and distasteful work where there was any. The Shop has proved the feasibility of a revival in hand industries. It has proved the saving force of industry, for the busy are the moral. It has proved that the country people are at least as apt as those in the cities, and possibly it will be found that they are more so, for they are not forced to see horrible examples in such multitudes every day. It has proved that by partially

re-establishing monastic conditions of quiet, seclusion and common purpose one may secure results similar to those which were obtained from the cloisters. It proves that a beginning can be safely made of an industrial commune. It does n't matter about the center of a village's activities being a printing shop. Without a Hubbard to start it the chance is it would do very bad printing.

As a possession, one Roycroft book is worth a library of sloppy volumes, written, set and printed by machinery. So with a hundred things we need to have about us: cloth, lace, furniture, upholstery, hangings, lamps, metal work, porcelains & the like. Who will start the next community of artistic hand workers, and start it on the same broad and humane principles that prevail in East Aurora?

Margaret Bancroft in the Buffalo Times :

[Special Correspondence.]

TIME was when book-making was a labor of love. In those days, when the patient-hearted monk of the middle ages was willing to spend a decade in the creation & affectionate embellishment of one precious volume or even one tiny portion of a volume, the making of a book or a missal was a serious and holy task. As Austin Dobson has sighed, the very spirit of the man was to be found in the book he had made. Later, too, came those early Venetian printers, who, with unhurrying and loving hands, carved their wooden blocks, chaptered, initialized and rubricated their elfin decorated

pages and left strange old volumes for which the fin de siecle collector now scours all Europe.

Nowadays, however, our huge steam presses pound out their ten thousand volumes, & the machine-made thing of paper & cloth is looked upon much the same as a gelatin capsule holding together a few grains of thought dust. The principle of the Venetian printer is out of date and his manner of book-making almost a lost art.

In the village of East Aurora, in the State of New York, however, there lives a book-maker who has a good deal of the mediæval monk about him. The man's name is

Elbert Hubbard, and to say that he is the William Morris of America would make the shade of the poet publisher who once operated the Kelmscott press hug his golden harp with pleasure, for if there is a man who deserves a harp it is he who has labored not for gold and position and praise, but he, as Kipling sings, who has labored for the sake of the thing to be done. This is the doctrine which is preached by Elbert Hubbard, and what the pastor of the Society of Philistines preaches he also practices. As Emerson once said, if a man shall do a piece of work incomparably better than his fellows, the world will make a pathway to his door, though he live in a forest. And of late the people of America—and Europe, too, for that matter—seem to be finding their way to the little village of East Aurora, where stands that quaint, chapel-like building known as the Roycroft Shop. This “shop” is the headquarters of the Society of the Philistines, & from it is issued “every little while” that most eccentric & interesting little monthly known as the PHILISTINE Magazine. But it is for its beautiful books that East Aurora has become fa-

mous, for nowhere else in America are such creations in book-making produced.

The output of the “Shop” is not large, for the work is all hand work, but the volumes that do go forth from the Roycroft all have on them the stamp of delicate and affectionate workmanship. This little country-town printing plant gives free instruction to the natives in water colors, crayon drawing and hand illuminating, & whenever a young man or woman on probation shows that his or her work is valuable, the shop at once hires the new artist, pays wages for work done and at the end of the year divides profits. At present there are some 50 workers in the Roycroft Shop busy in making and adorning books, and all of these book-makers are Hubbardized East Aurorans. The only importation in the Roycroft Shop is a Leipsic book-binder who works miracles in levant and teaches to the young Roycrofters the mysteries of his art.

But this society of Philistines does other things besides making hand-illuminated books. Under the leadership of their scholarly pastor they discuss philosophy, paint pictures, edit a magazine, enter-

tain hungry and indigent authors & have an annual dinner to which all the faithful of the society are duly bidden. A prominent eastern college has recently conferred on Mr. Hubbard the degree of Master of Arts, in recognition of his achievements in the line of artistic book-making. And surely Mr. Hubbard is not without honor in his own country, being known as the author of a successful novel or two, numerous quaintly humorous philosophical essays, & Emersonian preachments on life and men and things, to say nothing of the "Little Journeys," published by the Putnams. When not busy writing or making books, Father Elbert Hubbard takes a spade and goes out & digs post-holes for the fence that is some day to shut off the Roycroft Shop from the undulating pasture fields of East Aurora.

Often disguised with jaunty railery, the "Roycrofters" of East Aurora, N. Y., are working out a complex social & economic problem. They are doing a great work with a light hand.

Think, if you please, of a manufactory that has a fifteen-minute recess in the middle of the forenoon and the same in the afternoon besides the hour at noon & a Saturday half-holiday, when all the workers get out and play handball; that surrounds its helpers with an atmosphere of art and beauty; that has a piano, bathrooms, and a library; that has no "bosses"; pays good wages and divides profits at end of the year, and you have the Roycroft Shop! A New York bibliophile told me a few days ago that he made it a point to buy every book that comes from the Roycroft Shop. This man Hubbard, he said, would some day go forth to the great beyond and with him would pass away the traditions with which he had endowed the Roycroft Shop. The output of the Shop is necessarily small, the work is substantial & will endure, and therefore, as a business investment, the bibliophile in question held, every Hubbard book he added to his library was money securely and well spent.



A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

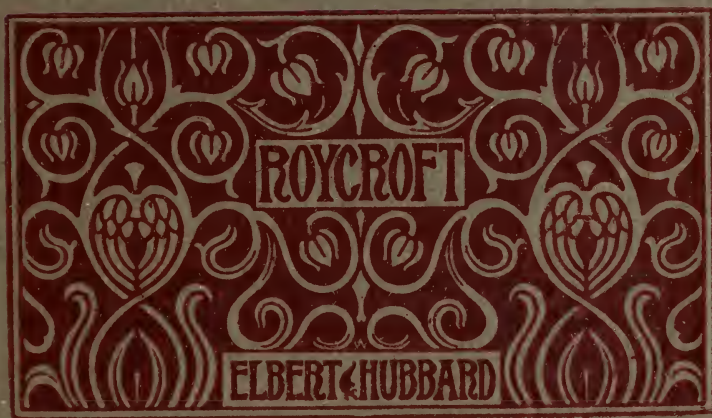


First printed in the "Philistine" for March, 1899, caused the edition to be exhausted within three days after publication. We have reprinted the article for the benefit of those Discerning Ones who appreciate a good thing. Done in booklet form, on Holland hand-made paper, with one illumined initial, price 10c each, or in quantities, say ten dollars per hundred. One thousand copies numbered & signed by author, bound in limp chamois, satin-lined, illumined title-page, one dollar per copy. Address the Bursar of





THE PHILISTINES,
East Aurora,
N. Y.

DICTIONARY
OF THE
LANGUAGE

6



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH
TO COLERIDGE:

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book for my birthday. Not a bar-
gain book bought from a haber-
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pleased your fancy, written by
an author with a tender whim,
all right out of his heart. We
will read it together in the
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we 'll sit with hearts too full for
speech and think it over   

ROYCROFT